THE STATE OF EUROPE.

The Peace between Denmark and the Great German Powers—Jealousy of Austria towards Prussia—Designs of Francis Joseph—Napoleon's Policy—Italian and Polish Affairs.

From our Special Correspondent.

FLORENCE, August 2d, 1864.

Yesterday the preliminaries of Peace between Denmark and the two great German Powers were signed at Vienna. They were as disastrous as possible to the defeated party.

Austria refused to accept the principles of Nationality under any form; accordingly, all Schleswig, including the Island of Alsen with her pure Danish population, is to be separated from Denmark and annexed to Germany.

The final regulation of the frontiers, and the question of the war indemnity, remain to be settled in the following Conferences. But though the Duchies of Landenberg, Holstein and Schleswig are forever lost to Denmark, and annexed to Germany, it remains still a secret in what way that annexation is to [illegible]ce, and who is to receive the benefit of it.

The Prince of Augustenberg being no favorite of King William, of Prussia, it is not impossible that after all it will be the Russian Grand Duke of Oldenburg who gets the Duchies in exchange for his Grand Dukedom, coveted by Prussia, whilst the good will of France would be bought by a cession of the Fortresses Saarbourg and Saargemunde. But these eventualities can hardly interest the American public; it is rather the disposition of the great Powers which will decide the character of the next year. Napoleon looks for the moment decidedly peaceable, and tries to return to his great European Congress move.

He supports the Middle States of Germany, all enraged against Prussia for her occupation of Rendsburg, especially Wirtenberg, Hanover and Saxe.

Austria feels likewise uneasy about Prussia's ambition, and it is difficult for Rechburg to endure the eccentric policy of Bismark. Still Francis Joseph has nothing so much at heart as the restoration of the Pope in his lost provinces, and of his domains at Modena and in Tuscany, but without an alliance with Prussia and Russia he cannot think of achieving anything against Italy. Victor Emanuel, fully aware of his design, reconciled himself with Garibaldi, since he believes that in Spring he might have need of all the active forces of the peninsula, not excepting the revolutionary army. Napoleon, however, advises the Italian ministry to reduce the army which eats up the resources of the country, and says that a Congress might be far more profitable to the new kingdom than a campaign. The King of Belgium is at Vichy, where day after day he is seen in company with the Emperor. The reason of his visit has not yet transpired, but the most probable version is that he seeks a French guarantee for a new Mexican loan, since the new Emperor cannot get on without money. By the by, there is one more Austrian Archduke who goes to America, the youngest brother of Francis Joseph, to marry the Brazilian Princess, heiress to the Empire.

Here in July the Ministry and the Chancery are discredited. Minghetti, the President of the Council, intends to dissolve Parliament and direct the general elections; but the King is tired of his present advisors and tried to get rid of them, in order that the elections should be managed by Rattazzi, who is his personal friend.

The Opposition have in the meantime increased in strength, especially in the Southern provinces, and it is not at all impossible that after all it will be a Coalition Cabinet which supercedes the present one, principally, if within the next three months, the new Holy Alliance gets some more consistency.

As to Poland, the insurrection is completely crushed. Eighty-five thousand persons were exiled and transported to Siberia, about 10,000 emigrated, twenty-five thousand were slain during the eighteen months of insurrection, and above eight thousand linger still in the prisons. The Russian Government tries to destroy Polish nationality and Roman Catholicism in Poland, still the task is too gigantic, even for the Czar. He has succeeded in expelling the most warlike tribes of the Circassians from the Caucasus—they are still emigroting to Turkey, but he cannot expel all the Poles from Poland. He has indeed destroyed the aristocracy and landed gentry, but the peasants, among whom he now distributes the estates of their former landlords, will within one generation become quite as fierce enemies of Russia as the old aristocracy.

Greece has once more a Ministerial Crisis. Moldowallachia, Servia and Bulgaria, are preparing for the next spring. The Secret Societies in Spain are active, and Napoleon is at the bottom of all that agitation, whilst he speaks of peace and recommends his Nostrum to the Congress.

FROM PARIS.

End of the Dano-German War—Napoleon or Victory—Musical, Dramatic and Literary Topics.

From Our Special Correspondent.

PARIS, August 5, 1864.

The Dano-German war is ended, an armistice of three months is concluded, and the basis of peace negotiations have been agreed upon at Vienna. There is a lull in politics. Europe is for the moment, taking siesta in this summer heat. France, as the Monarch of the country used to be styled in the old times when the State was the King, seems to be satisfied. Let us take advantage of their entre-acte in the microcosmic drama, to say a word about theatrical matters in Paris—following August example.

The Emperor has addressed, from his repose at Vichy, a pretty letter to the Minister of the Household, telling him on one hand to urge the Prefect of the Seine to presently begin the construction of the new Hotel Dieu, and on the other hand to himself so conduct the building of the new opera, that the hospital and theatre be completed at the same time." "I am aware," the letter [intended for publication] concludes," that there is no practical advantage in the arrangement, but, in a moral point of view, I consider it very important that the edifice devoted to pleasure should not be built before the asylum of suffering." Pretty and politic, a nice mingling of the useful with the sweet—a thrifty cloaking of bare necessity with a charitable mantle. The naked facts of the case are these. The cost of the new opera house will largely outrun the estimates. Of the twenty-two million estimated francs—ten millions for the ground and twelve millions for the house—more than nineteen millions will have been spent by the end of this year at the present date of progress; that is, all the appropriations of the national budget would be exhausted, and the work would be far more than three millions behind its completion, by the first of next January. The Opera is built at State expense. The Hotel Dieu, of which the first stone is yet to be laid is to be built at the expense of the city. To transfer a part of the army of workmen employed on the Pleasure House, of the higher classes, to labor upon the poor folks' hospital—to prevent a dangerous discontent of unemployed workmen, and to flatter the whole working class by recognizing—symbolizing in stone and mortar—the equality of its low life and death wants with the wants of amusement of the upper and dress circles—now, really, your Majesty, there is something of practical advantage in such an arrangement. The which is visible to his Majesty's quick-sighted subjects from other than the purely moral point of view. I doubt that they are less pleased on that account with the arrangement. The fairer minded of them see that it is not only economically thrifty, and politically shrewd, but that it is really good. There is a bit of sentiment and a touch of *esprit* even in the "combinaison," which, despite a good deal of witty, adverse criticism, rather suits Parisian taste and opinion.

The new Opera house when completed, will cost the State about 25 million francs—more than all the primary Schools of all France [one-third of whose adult males this day cannot read or sign their names, 600,000 of whose girls and boys do not go to school at all] cost the State in any one year. But it will be the perfectest theatre in every respect but external Architecture, in the world. A commission of very first-class men in science and art, has just been instituted by Government, whose function it is to study all questions relating to the rise, beauties, safety and comfort of the house in all its parts and purposes, and of the arriving, seeing, hearing and departing public—to find and devise practical applications of the solutions to their questions.

At the old Opera in the Rue Lepelletier there has been a little emeute, a struggle, a revolution in which the manager has triumphed, and crinoline has been suppressed. In higher circles, if we are to accept as veridic the record of a Viennese paper, those lower ones of female fashion are to be banished to the outer limbo of condemned costumes, there to remain along with the hoops and *vertugalins* of George the Third's and Hogarth's [See E. G., the picture in Taste in High Life,] and even great English and French grandmother's time, awaiting their sure resurrection in the next century, or whenever the fated cycle of Modish changes brings about their turn again.

For any reader of Paris newspapers, or the Paris correspondence of any foreign journal, to pass from the Grande Opera to Meyerbeer is no transition—only continuation. *L' Africaine*, alias *Vasco de Gama*, the Paris correspondent's faithfulest, fertilest theme of paragraphs any time these ten years, was bodily brought from Berlin to the Director of the Opera last Wednesday week—the very *partition* complete in every musical note, and enriched with notes literary by the hands of the great composer, that anticipate and furnish variations for avoiding or overcoming all possible difficulties in the execution and putting on the stage of what the Master seems to have considered his master-piece. Rossini's homage to his German brother in genius, improvised, it is said, under the inspiration of profound respect and emotion, as Meyerbeer's funeral procession passed under his windows, is soon to be published.

Among the honors paid to Meyerbeer dead, not the slightest is, a very lively performance now in preparation at Vienna. The story goes at least, that it will be a parody in advance on the *Africanic*. The scene is a virgin forest in America, where *L' Africanic* has sought refuge from the pursuit of Opera Managers and Musical publishers: but where, hardly having time to bewail in an *adagio* her long course of imprisonment in the portfolio of the author of her days, she is fallen upon by an armed band of managers and publishers,—etc., etc.

I mentioned at the time of it—some six months or so ago—an Imperial decree granting "liberty to the theaters," which was to take effect on the first of the then following, now last past, first July. This liberty of the theaters—defined, qualified, and restrained by the sixty articles of a voluminous ordinance of police published in the last days of June—amounts briefly to this: any dramatic production can hereafter be performed at any theater. That is, theatres hitherto restricted to a particular kind of performance—say, for instance, like the Ambigu, to melodrama and vaudevilles—may now present classic comedy and tragedy if they choose. The first experiments under the comparatively liberal regime have been curious. La Porte St. Martin undertook to go through the summer season with alternate nights of Moliere and Rossini, and started with "Tartuffe" and "The Barber of Seville," and did not succeed, and is now fallen back on one of its old, regular, characteristic, "Bowery" melodramas—"La Tour de Nesle." Two other smaller houses also tried Moliere's "Tartuffe," or "Tartufe"—for there has been famous discussion as to the orthography of the word, running back into fantastic etymological regions—and found it and the public wanting, and have returned voluntarily to that class of performances to which they have hitherto been forcibly limited and their habitues accustomed. The Imperial decree is like, however—in the long run—to beget more important changes in this respect than these trifling unsuccessful experiments would seem to indicate. In another respect, it promises more patent, immediate results; for it assimilates, for the first time in France, the histrionic business—on the material side—with other material businesses—with grocery and dry goods businesses. And so lots of new theatres are building, being built, and to be built. Among others, three on the old Boulevard du Crème—that is, on or in close neighborhood to the site of La Gaieté, of Dumas' Theatre Historique (afterward Theatre Lyrique) of Le Cirque, and others. As I once read in a "well-informed" and "intelligent" Paris correspondent's letter to a New York paper—it was years ago—a very solemnly historical and laughably erroneous explanation of the meaning of the soubriquet of the Boulevard du Temple, let me give here the true one. It was applied to that part of the Boulevards because of the quality of the dramas presented in the theatres there, in the high days of triumphant romanticism. Then and there, through the first four acts and the first dozen tableaux, all the crimes of the old decalogue, with complicately rich modern variations, were rampant before the foot-lights. Toward the close of the fifth act, indeed, vice always caught it uncommon hard, and oppressed virtue, instead of having to look to itself for wages, got rewarded with no end of brilliant marriages, and plethoric money-bags, and high places.

But of the half dozen or more, new theatres, the really new one is the little Italian opera of the Rue Cadet, this is to be a *Buffa*, a real Italian *Buffa*, giving to Parisians for the first time what the habitues of the Italian opera of Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Madrid, New-York or Havana never seen and heard, except very rarely and then very imperfectly, the light, fantastic, charming, graceful, super-comic but not gross, *Buffa* not *Buffoon*, Neapolitan and other specially national Italian fancy and humor set to music, played, sung and danced.

It is heighth of summer heat, now—the town is out of town at Vichy, at Baden, at the Sea-side—only some 1,700,000, Parisians left in Paris, which would seem quite a desert but for visitors from the Provinces, from across the Channel and across the Rhine, and across the Alps and across the Pyrenees and across the Atlantic. The *Opera Comique*, the *Theatre Lyrique*, *Les Buffes Parisiennes* *Les Italiens* of course, and both the other houses are closed, all the others are playing old pieces to the new strange faces *Tour de Nesle* for instance at the *Porte St. Martins*, *Le Case de Uncle Tom* Chatelet—save only the Gymnase. Here at last, after long drawn notes of preparation first sounded months ago, was brought out last Monday week, the *Don Quicho*. of Victorien Sardon. But if the preparatory, anticipatory, expectant notes sung and said since winter were many, they are as nothing in quantity compared to the volume of criticizing—somewhat discordant—that fruition has evoked. Speaking within bounds, I should say that, in the last ten days, in fulfilment of my sad duty as a "well informed own" and for my sins, I had read to the amount of a stout octavo of written talk and have heard a balloon full of articulate waste wind on the subject. Then, taking my courage in both hands, as the French say, and opportunity of a refreshing change in the torrid air of the preceding three days, I did dispose myself, as TRIBUNE reporter, four nights ago, in the orchestra of the Gymnase to see and hear for myself and your readers. And a very admirable sight it was—and is, and shall be photographed on my memory's retina. The first entrance of Lesueur, as the exalted, crack-brained, laughable but never ridiculous, fantastic, truly noble and gentle man, was, though in a totally different kind, the unexceptionably highest, most poetical and completely triumphant work of histrionic art that I have seen since Rachel quickened Racine's artificial Phedra to the passionate reality of life—and that within the narrow limits imposed by the intensely artificial forms of the poem.

When the curtain rises, the barber is in the dining-room, busied, with the housekeepers encouragement, in nailing a tapestry over the door that lets into the library of chivalric romances, the perusal of which has turned Don Quixote's brain. Scarcely is the last nail driven, when the Don enters, S. D.—a long, gaunt figure, already draped in a knight's undersuit of buff leather; gray-haired, with out-set eyes, looking beyond and over the present time and its poor work-a-day interests, fixed on the second page of a folio that he holds in his left hand, and reading as he walks. The first provocation is to laughter, but a something in that laughable figure commanded a respect recognized by all the house. On he marches, absorbed in his reading, 'rapt from the vulgar world and his household surroundings; he has nearly reached the bottom of the page, he applies thumb and finger to reverse the leaf, it clings to the next, won't turn; then the reader, still having some lines to finish, draws out from under his left arm his unsheathed sword some four feet long, and while his eye and mind unbrokenly follow the printed lines that close the page, cuts open the next closed leaf with such a magnificent sweep of his arm and hand, that rests outstretched as still he reads on in the next page—I tell you—the first deep admiring hum of the house, quick swelling then bursting in stormy applause—tells how Lesueur had, in these sixty or a hundred seconds, produced, created, become the laughable madman, the generous enthusiast, the essentially true, noble, pure gentleman, Don Quixote. As some one of the critics happily said the other day, Cervantes had clapped hands with the loudest to see this creature of his imagination so reproduced, Sancho Panza is only less meritorious than his master. Such of THE TRIBUNE's readers—and they are many—will conceive what Prado, late of the Bouffes Parisiennes, *might* be as a Sancho, nature has done so much for him. Well, he is Sancho, not indeed with the fine artistic delicacy and intimate persuasion of its realness with which Lesueur makes and lets himself become Don Quixote's self, but yet with a sincerity and a comprehension of the *rôle*, for which all readers of Cervantes' wonderful book owe him great thanks.

The plot of the piece, so far as it has any, is taken from the episodic story of the loves of Cardenio and Lucinda of Don Ferrand and Dorothea. Intermixed with the plot, patched on to it, hitched on to it, forced right through it, and the Knight de la Mancha and his Squire—bringing with them a few of the many famousest adventures and scenes of Cervantes' hero and Cervantes' imagination. The literary part of this vaudeville—spectacle—fairy piece since it was written by Sardou, must necessarily be clever, ingenious, here and there brilliant. But its real success, so far as there is success, depends as much on his collaborateurs. Now these collaborateurs are the scene painters, the machinists, the property men, the managers, all, wisely and regardless of expense, subordinate to 'Gustave Doré.' Hence the richness and brilliance and fidelity to the *couleur local* of the costume and the tableaux—each one a very work of pictural art—and hence the ingenious application of time from effects of trick and transformation scenes to the poetical illustration of what is best and truest in the higher interpretation of Cervantes' world renowned story Archaeologic critics have unearthed no less than thirty theatric pieces, comedies, drama, burlesques, spectacles, etc., that have been drawn from or suggested by Cervantes great prose, epic and performed on the Parisian Stage within the last past two centuries. All of these necessarily unperfect, unjust to their original. But this thirty-first, with all its faults and defects, which are grievous, should, on the whole, class as first best.

Being now once engaged on theatrical themes I would like to fill my remaining space with "fact and fiction" thereto appertinent—to tell how the indefatigable Sardon, before questioning his half-triumph with Don Quixote at the Gymnase, has sent in and had accepted a three act vaudeville at the Palais Royal; how Demney—to whom American managers are so much and cheaply indebted for Don Cesar de Bazan, is furnishing one of the Boulevard theaters with its next winter's profits; and how M. DuBoyz' four act comedy has been received by the committee of the *Francais;* and how—but I must end this wearisome cataloguing, and turn from the mimic to the real life drama.

For months past the social decencies forbad, but now meagerest newspaper publicity permits that I speak of the politico-profitable *noces de Gamache*, which * * * *

To put it short, once on a time, Mr. Erlanger, a banker converted from Judaism to no belief [you remember Sheridan's terrible jest wherein he compared the converted Jew to the blank leaf between the Old and New Testaments?], espoused in Frankfort a Miss X. There, was long ago a reparation of this ill-assorted couple. F. M. Erlanger came to Paris and became a Paris banker. Profitablest among M. Erlanger's banking operations have been and are those connected with C. S. A. cotton-loans, ship-buying, etc. Most intimate negotiator between C. S. A. and Erlanger has been and is the spotless Slidell. There is no such thing as utter divorce recognized in French law. But M. Erlanger's first marriage was not contracted in France. He has been legally liberated from the contract. The late Mrs. Erlanger has also become liberated [she, it seems, was a Catholic] by special dispensation from the Pope. The latest arrangement, then, according to the newspapers, is that M. Erlanger is soon to espouse Miss Slidell and that ex-Mrs. Erlanger is to espouse M. X.

Apropos of nothing, note this selection of prizes, offered here in France, from the list of prizes proposed by the Academy of Frotey. Give ear, O Barnum! "First category, a prize of 25 francs to the mother offering the finest suckling [*nourrison*] of from six months to three years old; a prize of 48 francs to the mother who offers the best raised children of from six to twelve years old; a prize of twenty francs to the child who has distinguished himself by his absolute respect for the life and nests of birds that are useful to agriculture. This same provincial academy presents a dozen other prizes with equal naivete and absurdity in reward of equally rational, ridiculous, New Testamently moral, practically laughable and Quixotic good works.

General Mylius—his prize for toleration. But I must stop short with these high Sunday moralities, these week-day impracticable tom foolories.

Mr. Haentigruz, the actual Secretary of the Haitien Legation near the court of the Tuileries is to be transferred, as minister plenipotentiary, to Washington. Let us hope that all "respectable" American snobs will try to show themselves as imitation gentlemen in presence of Mr. H., when they are assured that he has been always freely admitted, here in Paris, to the court and other decently well-bred circles, entrance to which and imitation of which they so ardently aspire to.

FROM TURKEY.

Continued Excitement—Sir Henry Bulwer and the Missionaries.

From our Special Correspondent.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 28, 1864.

During the past week the excitement in the city has increased rather than diminished, especially among the Protestant population.

The following extract from the "*Levant Herald*" of yesterday, is Sir Henry Bulwer's statement of the manner in which he has arranged the "difficulty" with the Porte. It merits the most careful study as an illustration of English diplomacy and Turkish ideas of Religious Freedom:

"The difficulty between the Porte and the Protestant missionaries has been arranged on a basis which, if not all that the latter could wish for, will perhaps, under all the circumstances, be generally regarded as equitable and satisfactory. The book-stores and offices of the several Societies have been reopened, and full liberty given to their agents to preach to all comers in their respective chapels and meeting-rooms—but *not* in the khans or other public places of Stamboul. The free sale of the Bible in book-stores is permitted, but not its colportage about the capital, nor either the sale or gratuitous distribution of controversial works attacking Mahometanism. The native converts under arrest, are, "for their own protection, and as a measure of precaution against popular excitement," to be temporarily removed from the capital to some English consular station in the provinces, the Porte engaging to provide for their families during their absence.

"Such, briefly detailed, are the terms of the settlement come to between the Government and Sir Henry Bulwer."

We have the most undoubted evidence that Sir Henry Bulwer was at the bottom of the whole movement of which I wrote you last week.

For political reasons he seems to have thought it desirable to maintain the power of Fuad Pasha at any cost, and he devised this plan to give him credit with the Sultan for fidelity to Islam.

But for the energetic action of Mr. Brown, the American *chargé d'affaires*, and the terrible excitement among the whole English population here, the Mission establishments would probably still be under the seal of the government and the suspected Turks on their way to some distant province, from which they would never have returned.

Before the English Ambassador had done anything, the rooms of the American Mission had been opened—the Government forced to acknowledge that their complaints against the American Missionaries were unfounded, and an apology had been made to Mr. Brown for the gross violation of their civil rights by the Turkish Police. Mr. Brown also used all his personal influence, unofficially of course, in favor of the persecuted Turks, and but for Sir Henry Bulwer, might, very probably, have secured their release. The greatest praise is due to him for his successful energy in maintaining the civil rights of American citizens—and for his generous efforts in behalf of Religious Liberty. His praise is in every mouth.

This action on the part of America, and the tremendous storm of indignation which burst upon the English Ambassador—moved him at last to take steps for the relief of the English Missionaries. The rooms of the Gospel Propagation Society were opened on Saturday, but armed soldiers remained at the door on Sunday. The Rooms of the Church Missionary Society were opened on Monday of this week, but all the books and manuscripts which were found there were seized and remain in the hands of the Turkish Police.

The rest of the story is found in the extract quoted above.

Sir Henry Bulwer, as the representative of Protestant England, has entered into a deliberate compact with the Porte for the practical abolition of Religious liberty in Turkey—as far as relates to Protestants.

Under the powerful protection of France, the Jesuit Propaganda enjoys the fullest liberty in every respect—and is more bold and aggressive than any Protestant Mission has ever been—and Mr. Borè the head of the Jesuit Mission, has actually offered to protect some of the Turkish Protestants in his own house against Sir Henry and the Turkish Police. I thank God that I am not an Englishman.

It should be distinctly understood that no charge is brought against these men who are to be exiled, except that they are Protestants. None of them are preachers—none of them have ever created any disturbance—only one of them is in the pay of any Missionary, and all of them are quiet and respectable men.

And if we have any outbreak of fanaticism here, it will be because the Government has set the example.

THE CONGRESSIONAL EXCURSION

From our Special Correspondent.

BELFAST, Aug. 16th, 1864.

The Congressional Committee left Bangor this morning at 8½ o'clock in continuance of the voyage along the coast. As the cutter left the wharf a hearty interchange of cheers took place, and a most vigorous waving of handkerchiefs. Capt. Webster fired a salute in excellent style, which was responded to by the artillery company of Bangor. So pleased had our party been with their reception and with the beauty and accomplishments of the Bangor ladies, that some of them were captured by some of the distinguished gentlemen and brought on board as members of the party. This accession to the ladies already on board was more than agreeable, and added brightness to the trip. A short distance below Bangor is the town of Hampton, which possesses historical interest, in being the spot where a fight occurred in Sept., 1814, between the British and Americans. Interesting statements of the fight were made by John A. Poor and Judge Godfrey, who was an eye-witness of the fight. Com. Morris, in the Adams, finding himself pursued by the British, ran his vessel ashore, loaded his guns, and prepared to offer the best resistance he could. The land forces were to aid him. He succeeded in getting one of his guns in position on the heights, and the others he put in battery on the wharf. An artillery company from Bangor was also in position on the hights. The British, outnumbering our united forces, landed below the town, and moved up to the attack. There is a creek running through a deep ravine just below the town, and here the infantry should have been posted under cover of the batteries, but, on the contrary, they were stationed upon the hill to support the guns. On seeing the British approach in large numbers, the militia gracefully retired, thus affording the enemy an opportunity to flank Com. Morris' men. Seeing this, the gallant Morris with his men waded the stream and made good his escape. It was on this occasion that the Indian Chief, John Neptune, piloted our troops across the country, as alluded to in my last letter. These accounts of the engagement were quite entertaining, and gave additional interest to the voyage. The scenery along the Penobscot is exceedingly fine, and was much enjoyed by the company on board. Every turn in the river brought exclamations of wonder and delight, and almost every moment the attention of the party was called to some new attraction. By invitation of Mr. Chairman Rice, Rev. Mr. Ballard, who has devoted much time to the study of the early history of the State, and particularly to the Indian tribes and their dialects, offered some remarks upon the Indians, their language, settlements and the discoveries made along the coast by the early voyagers. Thus the morning was pleasantly whiled away and Bucksport reached about eleven o'clock. The party landed here, and were ferried over to the western bank by a horse ferry boat. This was a thorough novelty to most of the passengers and excited much attention and comment. On a high bluff immediately opposite Bucksport and commanding the river for miles above and below, and also the surrounding country, is situated Fort Knox, so named in honor of Gen. Knox, the friend of Washington and for many years Secretary of War. This Fort was designed by Gen. Totten, and is altogether one of the most elaborate fortifications in the country. It comprises not only a main fort but outlying and supporting works of the most formidable character. Considerable time was spent in a thorough examination of this elaborate work, and then the party returned to the other side of the river. A salute was fired from the Fort on our arrival, and the reverberation of the heavy guns seemed to shake the hills amongst which they lingered for it seemed minutes. When the cutter steamed past on Saturday night on its way to Bangor, those at the Fort, not having been informed of the trip of the cutter, were in doubt as to whether she ought [illegible] allowed to pass up unmolested. But the char[illegible] of the boat was discovered in time to prev[illegible] any attempt at stopping her.

From Buck[illegible] to Castine, a pleasant run was made. [illegible] a real New England welcome awaited the party. First visiting Fort George, built in the Revolutionary war, a work still in a good state of preservation, and which could be easily made fit for use now, the company proceeded to a pine grove on Block Hill, where an elegant fish-chowder awaited them. The tables fairly groaned beneath the delicacies prepared by the kindly hands of the good people of Castine, who, after a model grace invoked by the Rev. Mr. Ives, handed round to the company the viands and coffee. There was a total lack of formality, and it was generally acknowledged that for true, unostentatious hospitality, this reception was unsurpassed by any on the route. After full justice had been done to the ample repast, Mr. Samuel Adams, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, welcomed the guests, and then introduced Rev. Mr. Ives, who spoke upon the historical associations of the place. Mr. Rice responded on behalf of the Committee, after which Mr. Woodbridge delivered a lengthy speech.

The town of Castine is one of the oldest in the country, and has been the scene of many conflicts between the Indians and the French, Dutch and English. It obtained its name from Baron de St. Castine, a French nobleman, who married the daughter of a celebrated Indian Chief. The view from the heights was one of wide-spread beauty and magnificence. The harbor is spacious and deep, and the place one of great importance in the line of coast defenses. At present one battery and the cutter Touccy is all the defense afforded. With reluctance the party bade adieu to their hospitable hosts, and left the dock, firing a salute as she wended down the bay. A sail of 18 miles across the bay brought the party to Belfast. Being two hours behind time, the citizens had mostly dispersed, and the smiles of the ladies were wanting. Reaching Peirce's Hall, the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements introduced the Congressional Committee and guests to Mayor Jewett, who proffered the hospitalities of the citizens. This was accepted by Mr. Chairman Rice, and the party proceeded to the hotels and private houses to which they were allotted by the Committee of Arrangements. This evening a soiree was held at Peirce's Hall. Most of the time was consumed in speech making, and dancing was not commenced till nearly midnight. The party leave in the morning for Mt. Desert Island.

W. H. K.

FROM GRANT'S ARMY

The Movement against the Weldon Railroad.

From our Special Correspondent.

CITY POINT, VA., Friday, Aug. 19, 1864. 10 A. M.

The main scene of interest here has been suddenly shifted from our extreme right on the north of James River, to our extreme left on the Weldon Railroad, and I am now on my way to that field of action.

The fifth Corps moved down the Weldon road yesterday and pressed the rebel lines in about six miles, on our extreme left, and now hold a very eligible and important position near Reams Station. The tide of war now seems to be tending in that direction, and it is from there you may expect to hear of the next startling news of importance.

We hold our own on the north side of James river yet, and you must not be surprised to hear any time hear of important movements in that quarter also.

As I have repeatedly said, the position here, the Lieutenant General, and the times, are all so full of strategy that there is no telling, one day or hour, what may transpire the next. If our own troops are bothered very much to keep up with the strategic movements that are going on here, General Lee must be somewhat perplexed. One thing can be said with certainty—that things "is working"—the whole army is in commotion, and important results must be developed soon.

ILLINOISA

Renomination of Gen. Garfield.

The Convention of the XIXth Dist., of Ohio, on Wednesday last renominated Gen. JAMES A. GARFIELD, the gallant soldier-statesman, by acclamation. In accepting the nomination Gen. Garfield said:

GENTLEMEN OF THE 19TH DISTRICT: I scarcely know what is expected of me on this occasion, as this is the first time that I have ever been invited to appear before a Convention under such circumstances. I desire, however, that a perfect understanding should exist between myself and my constituents. I think I know myself well enough to say that I should do dishonor to you and myself, if I were willing that you should be deceived in regard to my opinions. I am grateful to you for the confidence you have extended to me, and I desire that nothing but mutual confidence should exist hereafter.

I have been informed that rumors of a false character have recently been circulated in regard to my position in regard to the Wade and Davis protest. It has been said that I am a party to that protest. To this I have to say that I did not know such a protest was to be issued. Whoever affirms the contrary has falsified. When I saw it, I expressed my regret, as I do now, that that protest was issued. But yet, though I think the protest ill timed, I do not approve of the disposition of some men to throttle the authors of it. It is hardly advisable to kill our own friends, as we have need of them.

It has also been said that I am opposed, or have been opposed, to the nominations of the Baltimore Convention. To this I have to say that I did exceedingly regret calling the National Convention at so early a date. There are many reasons for this opinion, which it is not necessary for me to urge. We might have waited until the results of the military campaign had become more apparent, or until the action of the Democratic party at Chicago had been determined. Abraham Lincoln was not my first choice. I made no factious opposition, however, to his nomination at Baltimore. I thought that a delay would insure greater consolidation in the ranks of Union men. Since that nomination I have found no other way to act than to go for that nominee. Our duty is to rally all the elements of strength about that nomination, and to frown upon all distractions and dissensions.

Our chief duty is to rally around the War, to sustain our armies in the field until they shall carry it to a triumphant close. But while this duty exists, let me repeat that it is not wise to exercise from our ranks any Union men. I occupy two positions before you to-day. My first position is that of a public officer. In that position, I hold it to be my privilege, under the Constitution, and as a man, to criticise any acts of the President of the United States. I cannot go to Congress as your representative, with my liberty restricted in this respect in any degree. *If I go to Congress, I must go as a free man.* [Cheers.] I cannot go otherwise, and when you are unwilling to grant me my freedom of opinion to the highest degree, I have no longer a desire to represent you.

What I have said, I have said with the fullest convictions of the truthfulness of the position.

In conclusion, if any one doubts my loyalty after three years of service in the army and in Congress, I can do nothing additional to establish it. I leave that question with you, and will cheerfully abide whatever result you may choose.

At the conclusion of Gen. Garfield's remarks the whole convention broke out into enthusiastic cheers, showing that the bold and manly avowals of the speaker had received the cordial approval of the delegates of the Nineteenth District.

GEN. BURNSIDE'S ACCOUNT OF THE SITUATION.—The Providence *Journal* says:

"Gen. Burnside brings very cheering accounts from the Army of the Potomac. He does not see the reason for the despondency which seems to prevail here, and to increase in proportion to the distance from the scene of active operations. Gen. Burnside feels certain that the enemy has been greatly weakened by losses, and is wearing away under the continual pressure of our forces. He feels entire confidence in Grant and in the officers and Army of the Potomac, provided they are sustained by the loyal people of the North. He has no doubt that Grant will take Richmond, or do *something better*. Our men stand the heat quite as well as those on the other side. Burnside, although of cheerful temperament, is always a careful and an honest observer; and his opinion is of as much value as any that could well be formed. We regard it, therefore, as good cause of encouragement, and important to be made public."